

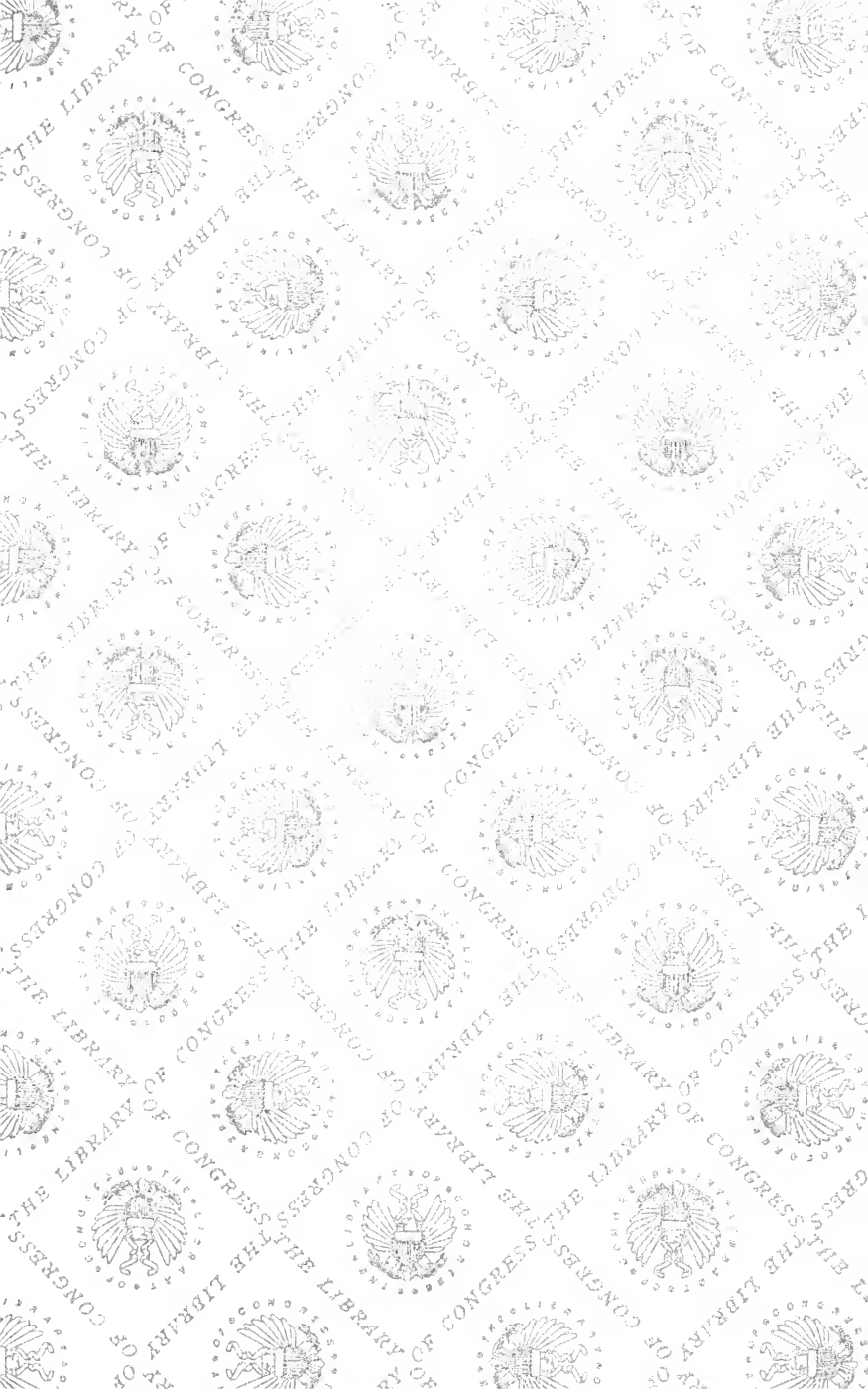
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IRELAND AND AMERICA,

VERSUS

ENGLAND,

FROM A

FENIAN POINT OF VIEW.

A LECTURE

DELIVERED BY

BRIG. GEN. J. L. KIERNAN, U. S. A.

IN THE PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS OF THE WEST.

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P R E F A C E.

The following lecture was delivered by BRIG. GEN. J. L. KIERNAN, U. S. A., under the auspices of the FENIAN BROTHERHOOD, in the principal cities and towns of the West.

It is published in pamphlet form at the request of the various *Fenian Circles* of the Western States.

It has been much commented on and praised by the Western papers—amongst others by the *Missouri Republican*, the *Missouri Democrat*, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, *The Catholic Telegraph*, (Cincinnati) *The Indianapolis Daily Journal*, the *Daily State Sentinel*, (Indianapolis) the *Illinois Journal*, (Springfield) the *Illinois State Register*, (Springfield) the *Chicago Tribune*, *The Detroit Tribune*, and *The Detroit Free Press*.

It is trusted that its issue in pamphlet form will assist in reaching the good result aimed at by the lecturer, namely—the public demonstration of what *Fenianism* really is, and its advancement.

The proceeds of the lectures have been devoted in St Louis, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Springfield Ill., Lafayette Ind., Detroit, Saginaw, Mich., and other places to some Patriotic or Charitable object. Gen. Kiernan declining to receive recompense in any form whatever.

As large audiences greeted the General everywhere he lectured and much enthusiasm was displayed; also as many thousands of the lecture are now being issued in pamphlet form and as the Press of the West has extensively and favorably noticed his lecturing it may be presumed that *Fenianism* will be widely known and thoroughly appreciated in the Western States.

LECTURE,

BY BRIG. GEN. J. L. KIERNAN, U. S. A.

IRELAND AND AMERICA, versus ENGLAND,
FROM A FENIAN POINT OF VIEW.

FELLOW FENIANS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Stretching our mental vision back through the trials and sorrows which for many centuries have been the lot of oppressed Ireland, we behold her independent, happy and prosperous, the home of learning and of piety at a period when the rest of Northern Europe, particularly Britain, was buried in a state of gross barbarity, groaning under feudal tyranny and torn by the dissensions of contending factions.

One of the malignantly ingenuous plans of our enemy, England, in order to cast into oblivion, wipe out, cancel the nationality of Ireland, has been to destroy the evidences of her former greatness, but it has, thank heaven, been a useless task,—the Irish are a retentive people, neither fire, nor sword, nor famine, nor proselytism can make them forget what they were, and while they remember the cruelties, the fearful catalogue of wrongs inflicted by their oppressor, they also remember the days of glory beyond.

How could they forget either? The evidences of both are ever around them,—from that ruined shrine once went up the pean of praise; the Sassenah came, and lo! the smoke from the smouldering and desecrated pile and the dying sighs of the murdered worshippers went up towards Heaven together; through the halls of that princely court once swept the greatness, the talent and the beauty of a free nation, but the Saxon blight fell upon it and now it is the home of the owl and bat, deserted and desolate, clad in the ivy winding sheet of its own decay; that frowning fortress was once the

scene of a terrible struggle, it was the struggle of right against might, but alas! in vain, and now the gleaming bayonets on its parapets tells you that the hirelings of the foe are there; the fireside tale told with a shudder of some fearful deed of treachery, wholesale massacre and outrage by the ruthless invader; the tradition of better days long past, the facts almost lost in the poetic play of fancy; the authentic records which our tyrants could not succeed in destroying; the poet's song; the ruined marts of trade; the tracts of land once sprinkled with clusters of hamlets, now used as pasturage for cattle destined for the English markets; the laws which made learning in an Irishman a crime, the practice of his religion a felony; the mounds beneath which lie mouldering rows of the famine stricken, starved to death by English legislation; the soup shop; the tract reader; the tithe proctor; all these surround the Irishman in his own country, and when, cast out from house and home, he seeks a refuge to some foreign land the fearful array holds a large place in his memory.

Our fellow American citizens native to the soil are apt, although ever willing to act a noble and generous part towards Irishmen, to view effects, and not causes; when they see a "Mick" or a "Pat" ignorant or otherwise degraded they rail or sneer at him and not at the tyranny which with diabolical ingenuity made him thus; if they take up a history of Ireland and read how eight centuries ago one Englishmen holding a prominent position gave, by a most ridiculous assumption, another Englishman also in a conspicuous place "the Kingdom of Ireland" as a make-piece for a foul-murder; how the Englishman Plantagenet accepting the gift and taking advantage of internal dissensions invaded Ireland, and of course espousing the cause of a ravisher and rebel, thus introducing English rule and the motto "*divide et impera*" for the first time succeeded in partial conquest; how based on the original assumption the English subsequently made a foot-hold called the "Pale" the incursions from which into the other parts of Ireland were ever marked with treachery, rapine and blood-shed; If they but read of the excesses of the minion Essex in the days of the Virgin (?) Queen; of the enormities of Cromwell and his crop eared host of psalm singers when sparing neither age nor sex, they spread a swathe of desolation through the land; of how the Irish had to suffer for the quarrel between the imbecile James and his unprincipled Son-in-law William; If they note what the infamous code called the penal lawswere; read the history of the perjuries and horrible cruelties, England perpetrated from 1782 to 1798; of the foul manner she effected, the so called "Union" in 1800; If they take into consideration the laws against trade, the laws against education, the periodical systematic starvations, and the proselytism system; if they contemplate that the whole resources of the nation are drained away by absentee landlords to swell the coffers of England, they will no longer wonder that "Pat" is ignorant or degraded but will marvel that his elasticity of spirit and unquenchable love of nationality have survived so well the

long continued and diabolical persecution under which he has been placed.

I am aware that while persecuting and robbing Ireland, the British Government has managed by means of a lying literature to misrepresent her and the Irish. The astute though unprincipled statesmen who guide the helm of British power know well the influence of the pen for good or evil and most unsparingly and unscrupulously do they use it. They have in their pay a host of talented but venal writers who are ready to fabricate, exaggerate or pervert as they are directed. Foremost in this infamous phalanx is that bully, cynic, hypocrite and liar the London *Times*. I remember looking over a file of that paper printed during the career of Napoleon the Great and it was amusing to see what an atrocious wretch it made him; no conceivable crime but what was committed by him, no blasphemy, turpitude, lust or cruelty but what was his daily habit and it was really wonderful to behold the seemingly apparent truth and substantiation with which those base fabrications were told. The same inventive power was displayed during the Crimean campaign relative to Nicholas of Russia, and when during the Sepoy War in Hindostan, the terrific atrocities of the English, such as blowing men from the mouths of cannons, was covered by the creation of a Nenah Sahib and the harrowing invention of a Caunpore massacre; nor has this scientific system of literary fabrication, this pen fight been at all omitted in relation to the United States is the present great struggle,—you have but to cover over the “*Times*” since ’61 and you will perceive that the same paper, which for thirty-five years previous had so great a horror of all pertaining to slavery, suddenly can see no merit whatever but “*au contraire*” every shortcoming, imbecility and vice in those who are practically trying to extinguish it in the United States.

Having given a cursory sketch of England’s *philanthropy* in Ireland, it may be well to glance historically at her *benevolence* towards this, the beloved land of our adoption. A couple of centuries ago she was planting colonies in the West Indies and along the Atlantic coast of our continent; she was also extensively carrying on the slave trade. The colonies and the trade were both, of course, to redound to her benefit and put money in her purse. But the slave trade was carried on with such atrocious cruelty that other nations of Europe, for the sake of our common humanity, murmured and to silence such murmurings the Imperial Parliament of Great Britain passed an Act that, “The black man was not a son of Adam nor redeemed by Christ and consequently not entitled to human sympathy.” This horrible blasphemy met at that time with a rebuke from the Pope, who issued a bull excommunicating any Catholic who dared reiterate so inhuman an edict.

But time passed on, the colonies rebelled, they declared their independence, won it at the sword’s point, formed a free Republic and England soon perceived that the interests which heretofore reverted

to her were now diverted into another channel: nay as years rolled by she saw that the new nation with its youthful energy, its immense internal resources, its extended line of sea-coast, its increasing maritime power, its hardy martial spirit, would inevitably in time overshadow her and after wresting the sceptre of the seas from her grasp, gradually reduce her to a cypher if she did not exert herself to destroy its power. She remembered the success of her "divide and rule" maxim in Ireland as told in its unhappy annals, of its vital importance in India as recounted in the history of Hastings and Clive, and she resolved to apply it here. Very soon it became known that the national conscience was becoming sore on the question of slavery, much as that of Henry the Eighth was when after being married to his brothers widow in quiet conscience nineteen years, he saw Anna Boleyn; philanthropists were got up on all sides, the literary corps before alluded to were put to work, the popular clamor excited and at length the time having arrived for a grand tableaux of hypocrisy and humbug, the British Government *graciously* abolished slavery in the West Indies and granted twenty millions sterling to recompence the planters. Here we have two witnesses as to her motives, one—Wilberforce—the dupe, who proclaims it philanthropy, the other, Sir Robert Peel the astute statesman who declares in the British Parliament that "twenty millions sterling is cheaply lost on the altar of American disunion." Which of those two witnesses will you have? As for me I candidly think that Peel expressed her motives.

The work designed was however not effected, the foundation was only laid in the liberation of the slaves, the superstructure was to be built; no time was to be lost, as America was advancing with rapid strides; Exeter Hall and a host of other abolition societies sprang into existence; American slavery was the *peculiar, sole slavery seen*, that of the Spanish Colonies and that of the natives in the British possessions in India were ignored; abolition emissaries were sent to our Northern and fire-eating emissaries to our Southern States and industriously and assiduously has she for many years worked by every insidious and foul means to fan our flame of discord. At length in '61 her exertions fructified, the war cry rang through the land; the South grasping to its bosom the hideous incubus begotten of her and blinded to its fealty and honor by the debasing influence, rebelled, and the West and North, for the sake of that glorious Union she had long machinated to destroy, sprang to arms to punish the erring South and bring it back to its allegiance.

England had, however gained the second tableaux of her *philanthropy*, we were at civil war, she now changed her course, she took the weaker and wrong side so as to equalize the struggle and prolong it to our mutual destruction; otherwise the South being soon coerced and slavery, the source of discord, removed all her *benevolent* labor for years would have proved a failure and her *philanthropic* disbursement oftentimes millions sterling a dead loss.

We have seen that she commenced her rule in Ireland by espousing the seducer and rebel; the subsequent history of that country evidences that the purposely fostered hatred, spread discord, fomented disturbances by her emissaries, so as to keep the country divided, torn into factions and weak.

Her policy in Hindostan is another patent case; there from her first Colony her rule of action may be summed up thus:—

One native Rajah quarrels with another, the British Governor, the enemy of so unchristian a proceeding becomes the umpire, soon it is discovered that the Prince in the wrong is in British judgment right, of course justice the Englishman prerogative, the British Constitution, the British lion, etc., take the side of the *injured* potentate, a struggle ensues, his opponent goes down, but the territory of his opponent is siezed and appropriated to the tune of Rule Britannia and his own to pay the costs to that of *Perfide Albion*.

Is it strange then that from the success she had met from the practice of her celebrated maxim in Ireland and India she should hesitate to try it in the United States?

What does England care for any principle the South may fight for or for any for which the loyal States may contend? She cares for neither, her abolitionism is proved a hypocrisy and a lie, her subsequent sympathy with the South, even the practical sympathy which has sent them vessels of war, arms, clothing and provisions was but actuated by a hatred of both sections, and avarice, was but designed to lengthen our struggle, was but displayed to the South as an *ignis fatuus*.

Who is the enemy which has pursued such a course towards Ireland, India and the United States? The English people? By no means. There is not under heaven a more oppressed, emasculated or gulled class than the people of England. The Government of England, that Power which has so well earned the title of *Perfide Albion*, that to which Ireland owes her wrongs, to which the horrors in India are due, which has fomented dissensions here, is a net work of hereditary Aristocracy, who, banded together by common interests, use the machinery of a cypher monarch, a hireling literature, hireling statesmen, and a hireling soldiery for the suppression of liberty every where. This web of tyranny spreads itself over the entire United Kingdom, and absorbs all the honors, all the privileges, all the emoluments, by right of birth from generation to generation.

'Twas this many headed tyrant which so perseveringly machinated to destroy the great Napoleon under the well concocted plea that he and not it was the foe of liberty. 'Twas this "*noble band*" that saw the hand writing of its destruction written in the advancement of Democratic Institutions here and for many years has worked for our destruction; it was this "primogenature and entail" combination which by its emissaries placed the glittering bait of a similar aristocracy before the eyes of the Southern leaders and by setting them dreaming of feudal greatness lured them on to treason and all the horrors of a

civil war; 'twas this Institution which while it beguiled the South to her destruction, having only one true feeling in the matter, which was that the South if by any chance should succeed, she would establish an aristocracy like itself, that sent its emissaries to the North to excite the fanaticism of the opposite party; it is this "patrician" caucus which made the balls that France is firing in Mexico. Its fort is hypocrisy; that hypocrisy which sees the mote in its neighbors eye, not the beam in its own; that hypocrisy which by its false literature tries to make the world believe that the people of Britain are free, may attempts to make that most taxed, oppressed, robbed people themselves think that they have a "Glorious Constitution" &c; that hypocrisy which manages to keep the eyes of the world directed towards some lesser evil elsewhere, while it perpetrates some new oppression at home, or some fresh atrocity in Ireland, India, China or elsewhere; that hypocrisy which to carry out its plan of deceit, humbug and at the same time gratify its religious spite, indulges in an occasional claptrap, such as a fulsome reception of some patriot. A patriot amongst the British Aristocracy! Shades of Emmet and of Washington what a strange anomaly such a sight must be! Finally it is this hypocrisy which pretends to be the friend of liberty in countries where it looses nothing by it, while it is the ruthless foe of such liberty in all places where it has an interest.

Opposed to the undermining, destructive policy of this enemy here, Americans have but one barrier—in Union.—In perseveringly *fighting* with all their might and strength for the maintenance of their nation and their government as the representative of that nation. What is that nation? Who compose that government? The nation is composed of people from every clime under Heaven. Many Americans by birth, many sons of Ireland, many who first opened their eyes by the undulations of the Rhine, many from the sunny plains of France, many from the land of the olive and the vine, from the dreamy banks of the Guadelquiver many who first saw the bright sunlight of of classic Italy and many from the ice bound and snow clad hills of the land of Thor and of Odin, but all are the American people, the American nation. The government is the emanation of their will, their voice, their echo—nothing more.

Gathered together from all points of the compass, speaking various languages, accustomed to different modes of living, what causes this Babel to harmonize, to unite, to be a nation? It is that disinterested, noble legacy of wisdom called our Constitution and which founded on Christianity in its true sense regards all mankind as brothers and that common desire for "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" which is an equal instinct in all humanity.

But of all nations whose trodden down seek a refuge in this the common land of the oppressed none should be more tenacious of its liberties, its preservation, its nationality, its intirety, than the Irish Americans. They have been the longest and the most diabolically

oppressed of all nations of which history has a record, they know by bitter experience more than any other people what a fearful curse dissension and disunion is, and therefore more than any other people should they throw all their influence, give all their power for the preservation of our Union. I am aware that circumstances threw my fellow Irish-Americans in times past into party cliques, whose leaders would, for their own gain, hold them now. But those were peace times; they are past. The life of the nation is at stake; that nation which springing from the oppressed who won freedom at the sword's point, and acting by their own experience have offered freedom to all that come to them, is to pass away, unless those who have received that freedom will spring to its delivery. And what will the preservation of that nation bring forth from the fearful convulsion through which it is passing? Not alone shall we receive restored liberties, restored prosperity, but advancing from its Arcadian simplicity, our Republic shall enter on its iron epoch, and presenting a serried wall of gleaming steel to the "divine right" theories of Europe, shall demand not only the recognition of the "divine right" of man to liberty in our nation, but shall dictate it in despotic countries. Let us have union of all sections and of all parties on the basis of our Constitution, and the confines of the United States, as we now assert it, vast as are its proportions, will not limit us; we shall pass the Rubicon of the Canadian border, and stretching away northward, the advancing rays of our liberty shall mingle with the light of the northern morning in the prismatic hues of civilization; the sluggish solitudes of the tropical Lagunes shall awake to the voice of industry; the Gulf shall be our inland lake, the northern Pacific shall wash our western shores, and the Central American railroad mark our southern border.

Nor shall this position, great as it will be, content us; all history has shown us that Republics are progressive, absorbent. We shall place our sentinels of freedom, under the starry flag, along the line of Western Europe, and repudiating all rights save the common rights of humanity, the people shall say—amen; but of all the nations that shall welcome us, none shall give us a more active co-operation in our efforts for their liberty none such a "*caith meallagh failthe*," as the down trodden sons and daughters of Erin when our magic touch has awakened them to the morning of liberty after their long night of bondage.

We—the United States—now stand alone, battling against treason at home, that treason the result of longings after the same aristocracy that was our tyrant and oppressor in the old land, and a host of despots abroad; yet by union of action we can fight and overcome them all, and can repay them all in due time.

Of all the enemies that we have to contend with, England is the most insidious and malignant; she has ever been so, is so and shall be so until we crush the head of that serpent. France is advancing, in opposition to our republican doctrines, kingily power in Mexico, but she was our former friend and is acting now at least openly, we know

where to meet her; the deluded people of the South, dragged into rebellion by their demagogues and incited to revolt by emissaries, at least fight bravely though in the wrong; but England wily, tortuous, malicious and cowardly, fearing to openly meet the nation in battle that twice beat her on land and sea, openly smiles in our face, while she secretly attempts to cut our throats, carries on a diplomatic correspondence, while she sends forth ships of war, arms, clothing and provisions for the rebels, talks of strict neutrality while she is using every effort to sweep our commerce from the seas and tells us she is indeed sorry for our deplorable war, while she leaves no means untried to prolong it.

Retributive justice demands when we shall have restored our Union, the warlike monster of a million armed men which by her machinations she has evoked here, shall be turned to her destruction: "*delenda est Carthago*" the old Roman exclamation over their insidious fallen foe must be repeated here. How shall we reach her? Ah! well she knows and well we know—Ireland—wronged, oppressed Ireland, sneered at, scoffed at, robbed Ireland is the nightmare, the hideous phantom of her guilty thoughts, which makes her yet more, than fear of us, fight us which the cowardly, base way she does. Ireland, the thorn in her side, whose exiled sons shall yet in the providence of a just God drive it to her foul heart. Through Ireland is how we Americans can reach her and repay her for all her falsehood, treachery and malignancy during the past three years—nay during the past seventy-five years; it is through Ireland and with Ireland that we Irish Americans can reach her and pay her back the long, long score we owe her, and it is through Ireland and with Ireland that Americans and Irish-Americans together *shall* teach her.

When the work is done, and well done, when the "Pirate of all Nations" shall be forced to loosen her palsied grasp forever from the throat of our own dear old land, then the Fenian shall lay by the sword; and, by the memory, of the past, by the graves of our fathers, by Sarsfield and Emmett, never, never until then.

I turn from the theme of our enemy—I rid myself of the mingled feelings of disgust, abhorrence, hatred and thirst for revenge; I experience in contemplating her to consider for a moment the debt of gratitude we owe the United States:

Amidst the scenes of childhood, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of English *benevolence*, such as starvation, nakedness, disease and ignorance, Irishmen must remember the feelings of hope with which they turned from the fearful train and thought longingly of America. It was the Mecca of their dreams—the land of promise—the bright isle of fancy, painted on the fervid Celtic imagination amidst their stormy sea of trouble, whose shores, if they could only reach, they would be happy. And good evidence had they on which to ground their hopes. The ships freighted with provisions from great hearted America when they were starving; the money enclosures from opulen

America when they were almost naked ; the word of cheer and encouragement from buoyant America when they were faint and despairing, all were proofs, strong as holy writ, that America was indeed a "great country." The longings of many to get here were gratified. Were they disappointed? No. I say emphatically, that persons who entered into the industry of the country, and became amongst Americans as Americans were, found the United States all they anticipated, the great, free, opulent land their fancy painted, and that Americans were ever ready and willing to help them along.

I know that the bitterness of party has sometimes originated sectional feelings, and that such feelings directed against adopted citizens actuated a powerful party a few years ago, but how short lived it was, and how the American people themselves, led on by their greatest statesmen, nobly met and beat back the illiberal spirit until a party stoutly denying he had ever been a "know-nothing," became a frequent occurrence. Thus it will be with all such parties, for America does not belong to any one race or creed. Some persons have most ridiculously called us Anglo-Saxons; this is a most absurd misnomer, originating from those who set history, common sense and facts at defiance; it is as largely Celtic and Teutonic as anything else, but I reiterate, it is not of any one race or creed, but it is of all.

This great Republic was founded on the principle of freedom and equality. It was designed as the bulwark of liberty, the rock of the rights of man, against which the waves of despotism would beat in vain, and nobly has it withstood all despotic efforts until its Mephilestophiles, England has threatened to sap its foundation.

Let us suppose that the Union is dissolved, broken into fragments, where is there any longer refuge for the oppressed of all lands? Alas, no where! The gallant Pole, hunted like a wild beast by the savage Russian, can no longer hope for escape to a far off land of freedom; the brave Hungarian, pining in some Austrian dungeon, sees the last glimmer of freedom fade away, for even if he escapes he has but a choice of despots. The hardy German peasant remains at home, for he would then but exchange petty tyrannies, by emigration and on the Irishman the blow would come heaviest and worst, his chains would be riveted faster than ever, and his great friend would exist no more, for the great, free America would have passed away. This nation once divided would divide again and again, and, torn by dissension, each petty kingdom governed by some military despot, would be too busy in attending to internal evils to attend aught else.

It behooves us, then, one and all to bury all party feelings, and go together for our Union. We must do it for the sake of our liberties here—for the sake of Ireland's freedom hereafter; for it is the only way under heaven by which both can be attained.

No one has loved the South better than I have. I have partaken of Southern hospitality, and I have a warm recollection of how generous and openhearted it was. Many of my best friends and most inti-

mate associations were there, but the cause of mankind is greater than all personal feelings, and, therefore, I fight the South, not that I love it the less, but that I love the Union and cherish the hope of freedom to Ireland the more.

“This Nation must not be undone,
Which God and Nature have made one.
The star of empire here must rest,
It cannot journey further west.
The greatest nation, and the last,
Is on a scale of grandeur cast ;
And so designed that it must be,
The inheritor from sea to sea,
To which no petty State can say,
'Halt ! till I give the right of way.'
What though whole States be trod to dust,
Survive and stand this Union must.
What though a million heroes fall,
The Union saved is worth them all ;
And glorious heritage will it be
In having died for liberty.”

Yes, fellow Fenians, as our brother in sentiment, feeling and blood, Andrew Jackson, said: “By the Eternal the Union must and shall be preserved,” and we with all other Americans shall do it; and by the Eternal, *Ireland must and shall be free*, and all other Americans with us shall do it.

The allegation has been made that Irishmen are incapable of self government; this allegation is one of the calumnies spread abroad by England and believed by many. When we see Irishmen in the councils, leading the armies and moulding immense influence in some of the greatest nations of the world, even, when recreant to their own country, in that of England, it is certainly fair to infer that when concentrating their talents at home, they cannot only govern themselves but give Ireland a glorious future. England asserts that Irishmen are incapable, because she does not wish to try the experiment.

There are also many, even Irishmen, who are faint hearted and think that on account of the many abortive efforts Ireland has made for freedom she can never attain it. Let them remember the anecdote of the exiled Bruce and the spider,—six times did it swing itself on its filmy support and as many times failed to reach a point it aimed at, but the persevering insect tried again and reached it. The sight gave renewed courage to the desponding exile, he had repeatedly struggled for his kingdom, but failed. “I will also try again,” said he, he did so and won the crown of Scotland. Our failures hitherto are attributable to our rash impetuosity, our dissensions and our foolish open-heartedness, allowing the enemies emissary to insinuate himself into our confidence so as to betray us. We must therefore avoid those evils; be cool and patient though determined: casting all past differ-

ences aside and burying the party or religious strifes of by-gone days, we must all unite together cordially, as Americans, loving our adopted country, as Irishmen loving our native land, faithfully filling the places assigned to us, obeying the orders of our superiors, and we must be very wary and cautious as to whom we confide in. More men and more causes are ruined by misplaced confidence than by any other cause whatever.

It is said that the clergymen of the church to which many of us belong are opposed to our organization and its object. I believe, nay I know, that those clergymen are as good Irish-Americans as live; that they equally love the Union and the freedom of Ireland, and that not only have they no objection to our Fenian organization as I have stated it—namely, a manly, upright association, such as it is, loving our adopted country and its Union, and seeking by every means in our power, in consonance with the laws of the United States, to gain the freedom of Ireland, but that every pulse of their hearts beats with us.

Let us have courage then, fellow Fenians: the curtain of carnage is rising from many a battle field in the United States, and discloses to our eager gaze our own loyal boys carrying the Starry Banner to the triumphant cry of our Union everywhere; every blow struck, every victory gained, brings us nearer to the consummation of our hopes; for with the feeling of great indignation and desire for retaliation England has engendered universally, here, it must inevitably occur that the cry of "*Union*" shall not have died away in its restoration until the battle cry of "*down with England*" resounds through the land.

Then comes "England's difficulty and Ireland's opportunity" the struggle will be a terrible but a glorious one; it will be not alone Ireland and America *versus* England, but Democracy *versus* Aristocracy, the rights of man *versus* the rights of Kings. Mazeppa-like we have been driven forth, bound to the emigrant ship, with many a scoff and shout, but like him, we will yet return on our mission of retribution. I believe it does not require the spirit of prophecy to see that never was there such an opportunity as will come shortly. The struggle between the United States and England is as inevitable, as unavoidable from their relative positions, the antagonism of their Institutions and the rivalry of their commerce, as that between Rome and Carthage.

When that struggle comes, Fenians must be ready;—theirs will be the glorious mission of fighting the cause of freedom here, freedom in Ireland, freedom in other lands.

The moment that the Stars and Stripes are given to the breeze on European soil a shock will be felt, the preliminary of an earthquake all over Christendom.

The debased and enslaved Greek will look up to his Acropolis and Parthenon and get a dreaming of their former glory. The descendant of the ancient Roman will remember again the days when the legions of the grand Republic shook the earth of a subdued world; while

amidst the Lagunes of the Adriatic thoughts of former republican greatness will be experienced in the crumbling corridors of St. Mark or along the liquid streets of Venice. The cadences of the Marsellaise will be heard undulating in waves of song along the valleys and hills of France. Chained Hungary will make an effort to break her bonds, bleeding Poland receive new vigor in her heroic struggle, and philosophic Germany will arrive at the conclusion that her princes great and small, are complete nuisances. Ireland, "her back turned to England, her face to the West," is destined to be our first outpost. Yes, with the Stars and Stripe and the glorious Sun-burst, we shall raise the cry of *Liberty* which will be echoed and re-echoed from her rock bound coast along her hills and valleys. The magic cry will ripple along her streams, hover in the shadows of her mountains, pass whisperingly over the graves of our murdered kindred and be heard amidst the roar of battle in her cities and through her plains—

"Then onward, the green banner rearing."

Irishmen in every land will sympathize with us. McMahon of France will rejoice, O'Donnel of Spain look on delighted, while from the golden sands of California to the crowded cities of the Atlantic coast, from the mountains of Vermont to the bayous of Louisiana, from the Canadian provinces, from the workshop, the study and the mine, Irish-Americans will enroll themselves under the stars and stripes and the glorious sun-burst of Erin. Then while our Yankee privateersmen sweep the John Bull commerce from the seas and our monitors advise the Britishers in a rather loud and emphatic manner, we Irish-Americans can find our way across the seas and strike a blow for Erin.

We shall have many Americans, noble fellows, friends of liberty, with us, for the day of our struggle with the common enemy of America and Ireland, sees like magic two hundred thousand Irish Fenians in the field and two hundred thousand American Fenians with them. With them and joined by the great body of our brothers in the old land we shall carve the words "Robert Emmet" on the nameless tomb and proclaim that it was done by a nation of freemen, to the world.

To reach this grand consummation we have but to be persevering, cautious and determined, we have all the materials for success, soldiers trained to the use of war, experienced generals, prudent and competent advisers, and, when a unit, immense weight in influencing the action of the United States.

"The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock."

